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MARSHALL NEWELL

A MEMORIAL

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HENRY WESTON FARNSWORTH
CLASS OF 1912
A SOLDIER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION IN FRANCE
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Marshall Newell

A Memorial

for

His Classmates and Friends

Magna est veritas, et prevalebit

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MARSHALL NEWELL

THE CLASS MEMORIAL

MARSHALL NEWELL was born in Clifton, N. J., April 2, 1871. He spent much of his early life on his father's farm in Great Barrington, Mass.

In the fall of 1887 he entered Phillips Exeter Academy and graduated with the class of '90. He there became interested in athletics and played football, first on his class, and then on his school team.

He did not allow his studies to suffer, however, as he stood well in his class, and graduated with honor. At Exeter those same qualities, which made him so popular with us, endeared him to his schoolmates, and those of them who entered college with him followed him throughout his course with admiration, and with a love which was almost veneration.

He entered Harvard with the class of '94, and soon distinguished himself in athletics, being a member of the victorious football eleven of '90 and of the winning crew of '91, both in his freshman year. He also played on the freshman football team, and on

the University teams of '91, '92 and '93, and rowed on the 'Varsity crews of '92 and '93.

While so prominent a figure in athletics, he by no means neglected the academic side of college life. He was interested in his courses and always stood well in them. He had the respect and friendship of instructors as well as students. Socially, he was popular as few have been. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, Dickey, Hasty Pudding Club, and Signet. He was the unanimous choice of his class for second marshal on Class Day. Higher honors he might have had, but he took only such as were forced upon him.

During his college course he returned each summer to his home at Great Barrington, and took up his duties on the farm. In the fall of 1894 he coached the Cornell University football team with remarkable success. After this he again resumed his duties at home, where he remained the greater part of the next two years, except for a brief period, when he was in Boston, in the office of Lorin F. Deland. Each year he was found ready to aid in the coaching of the different teams at Harvard, and his appearance at Cambridge was always greeted with the greatest enthusiasm, and inspired the highest confidence.

In the fall of 1896 he entered the employ

of the Boston and Albany R.R. as Assistant Superintendent of the Springfield Division, a position in which he gained the confidence of all those with whom he came in contact, and which he held up to the time of his death. He was killed on the tracks at Springfield, on the evening of December 24, 1897, while attending to his duties.

His sudden death so early in life has been a great shock, not only to the members of his class, but to the whole body of Harvard graduates and undergraduates as well.

He lived his life so quietly in our midst, and was so thoroughly one of us, that not until the realization of his loss came to us, were we able to appreciate the value of his influence. If we look back upon the time of our association with him, we know him to have been possessed of a high and pure character; of great ideals, to which his life was exceptionally true; of a morality that was strong enough to take no thought save that which was right, because it was right and true, and could not be led away by what others might think.

An athlete in the best sense of the word, he loved sport for sport's sake alone. In football, strong and alert, he was effective without

being rough. As an oarsman he was persistent, determined, powerful. Always to be trusted, his spirit never flagged, his courage never faltered. He was tried often and never found wanting. His character was as sturdy as his body.

Marshall Newell stood for simplicity, righteousness and truth. "Magna est veritas, et prevalebit," was his answer to the class secretary's question, "What is your religious belief?" and truly—did he not live up to his religion?

Marshall Newell belonged to the whole University. He cannot be claimed by any clique or class. Let us, his class-mates, simply express our gratitude that we have had the privilege of knowing him, and of observing his simple, grand life. We rejoice in memories of his comradeship; we deeply mourn our loss. To those whose affliction has been even greater than our own we extend our sympathy.

BERTRAM GORDON WATERS.
LINCOLN DAVIS.
GEORGE C. LEE, JR.
For the Class of 1894.

A TRIBUTE TO MARSHALL NEWELL

TO the great majority of the readers of yesterday's journals, the news of the death of Marshall Newell possibly signified simply that a noted athlete of exceptionally fine character had died at the early age of twenty-seven years, but to all those of us who knew Marshall Newell I fancy there were few, as we read the sad news at the breakfast table, while outside the bright sun was shining, on the happy Christmas Day, who did not feel our eyes moisten and a heavy strain on our heart-strings.

Of Marshall Newell it was indeed true that "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." And what was the secret of this love and respect that he inspired in all who knew him? I think it is best answered by one word — character. Through his whole life his high character was stamped on whatever he did, whether at his studies or in athletics, or while working on the far-away Berkshire farm, or engaged in his business occupations of the past two years. Never did a man better exemplify Harvard's motto of "Veritas." He seemed to be true

to his own self in everything he did and said. We all felt as we looked into his clear, open face that here was a man in whom implicit trust and confidence could be placed, while to his strength and honesty were united a sincerity, simplicity, and innocence of character which made his presence always refreshing and inspiring. He reminded me of some strong, healthy and noble oak or pine of the Berkshire hills which he loved so well, and his life seemed to be as pure and sweet as some crystal stream flowing down Monument Mountain.

We call his death an untimely one, and yet is it not as true to-day as it was 1900 years ago, in the time of Him whose birthday we have just celebrated, that it is the quality of a man's life and not the quantity which is the only true test of earthly life? It seems to me as I think of some of those sons of Harvard whose death in recent years we regret so much — Greenhalge and Russell, Phillips Brooks, and Charles Eliot of my own class, and of football fame, our friend Newell, William H. Manning, who met his death under similar conditions with true Christian heroism, Edward T. Cabot, Samuel Dexter and Alward — that we ought to rejoice and be thankful that they were with us and that their lives were what they were, rather than to lament that

their lives were not as long as we would have wished.

Let us take the lesson of Newell's life to heart, so that perhaps one day it can be said of us, as we now say of him, that the world is better because he has been in it and been a part of it. Thackeray's immortal description of Colonel Newcome's death comes to me as I think of our friend Newell: "And lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."

THOMAS C. THACHER.
Class of 1882.

December 26, 1897.

NEWELL'S INFLUENCE ON UNDERGRADUATES

MUCH has been said, since Marshall Newell's death, of the sterling qualities which endeared him to his friends and contemporaries. Of course it is they who feel his loss most. Yet he occupied such an unusual place before the University, and had done so much to make all Harvard men feel that they knew him, even though they were not fortunate enough to be known by him, that it is perhaps not out of place to try to express what the calamity of the Christmas recess means to us who are still in College.

At first we could not believe the news. That such clear-headedness, strength and activity should be annihilated by a commonplace accident in a railroad freight-yard seemed impossible. He, more than all other men, seemed exempt from everyday dangers.

As the days passed, however, and the first shock was succeeded by a realization of the truth, the college as a whole began to perceive more clearly how much it had lost. Even under equally tragic circumstances, the death of many another man would soon have been forgotten. The gap left by the absence of

ordinary people is only too quickly filled up. But Newell was not the man to slip unnoticed out of his place in the college community. The place was too big. His services were too great. His character was too much of a force. To be sure, only a few old friends could enjoy an intimacy with his inner life — with his love of nature and of fine thoughts. Nevertheless, in many ways he was, and still is, a living personality to us all. There is hardly a man in college who does not associate his name with something worth imitating.

As is natural after a career like Newell's, his athletic influence will long remain a force at Harvard. Newell represents to Harvard men of to-day all that an athlete should be. He stood for that sort of athletic achievement which is all elevating, manly, and healthful for body and mind. Above all he was the kind of athlete to put to shame the notoriety seekers whose perversion of honest sport has done so much to injure athletics. No man was ever further removed from the popular bogey of specialist in muscle.

People who would do away with college athletics, retaining only enough to keep the mental machinery going, must sometimes wonder at the vitality of an institution which still expands, in spite of criticism and in spite

of real abuse; and to such as have never watched an athlete's life from the undergraduate standpoint, the very notion of an athletic ideal lofty enough to be a real force in building up character may seem somewhat visionary. Yet as a matter of fact the "athletic ideal" is no grotesque phrase. It is a beneficent reality. Under its influence, when exemplified in men like Newell, boys learn some of the most precious lessons college can afford them. In this sense, then, it may be said to his honor, that Newell was the most influential athlete within our college horizon.

It may be asked, "How is this influence exerted?" "Why, after all, do young men persist in clinging so closely to athletic ambitions?" Because they prize the loyalty which makes boys strain side by side for each other, and for their college. They respect the chivalry which will not stoop to underhand methods. They admire, with the full force of youthful enthusiasm, the honest rivalry which teaches them to keep their tempers, to endure silently whatever reverses may meet them, and to acquire a hearty contempt for hard knocks, and all manner of annoyance.

Now imagine these qualities summed up and personified in one man, and imagine all the vague longing to emulate them in the ab-

stract, transformed into quick, sincere affection for that man, and you can form some idea of the attitude of the undergraduates towards Marshall Newell and of the nature of his influence. Nothing in college life comes nearer to hero worship. Such admiration is real, and lasts because it is founded on something truly admirable. It is no wilful caprice, but a conscientious, slowly matured judgment. It appeals not merely to the light-headed, but most of all to intense, thoughtful fellows, and grows into their hearts and heads until it becomes a matter of instinct. They may have difficulty in explaining their humble respect for Newell, or for the few like him, but they are convinced that it is justified.

So this is one great reason why we can hardly yet appreciate what the college has lost by Newell's death. It would be difficult for any institution to provide its members with a set of principles more lofty and inspiring than the code he taught as athlete and as coach. No wonder, then, that Harvard men are grateful to him for his example, even more than for his achievements, which have become a part of the athletic history of Harvard.

There is another way, however, in which Newell exerted an influence still more beneficial than his athletic example. No under-

graduate ever came into contact with him as an individual, as one of the throng to be nodded to casually, or even to be noticed in passing, without being stimulated by his kindly strength. Most of us, as said before, are too young to have been his friends. But though he did not know us, we knew him. Some of us, indeed, were on better than speaking terms with him, and from those few we all learned something of him. One of the great blessings in life lies in the fact that a really good man extends his influence far beyond his circle of friends and even beyond his broad field of acquaintances. To hundreds of young fellows, who never exchanged a word with Newell, a glimpse of his face carried more meaning than a whole conversation with a smaller man.

We knew, perhaps at third or fourth hand, through our friends, or perhaps from his face direct, that Newell had the traits we admire. One became instinctively aware of the strength and sweetness of a remarkable character. He had the straightforward simplicity which comes only with power; not a trace of self-consciousness, and not a shade of irresolution. He seemed like a man who had always something definite to do, and was always so sure that it was worth doing, and so brisk about getting started, that he could not help being cheerful

The Farm in Winter

about it. If anybody had the "blues" the best thing that could happen to him was to watch "Ma" hustle a football squad through the last ten minutes of play, or to meet him coming around the corner. It was a sure cure. And for any other college ills, a sight of that sturdy body, and wide-awake, good-tempered glance, that met one half-way, was a panacea. Snobbishness, indifference, selfishness and the like, retired at once.

Finally, be it said, then, that Marshall Newell did not merely represent one of the finest ideals of college life. He did much more than that. He does not stand upon the basis of his athletic service alone, though his devotion to the common cause was enough to perpetuate his memory among Harvard men. His bearing on the athletic field was only an indication of the way he lived his whole life. He impressed upon Harvard undergraduates the value of saying little and doing much; of facing small duties squarely, doing them well, and enjoying them, and of getting both pleasure and profit out of little everyday affairs.

Marshall Newell taught us many things of immeasurable worth; things that no books and no faculty can ever teach.

CHARLES ELDREDGE MORGAN, 3D,
Class of 1898.

THE DIARY OF MARSHALL NEWELL

AT the request of Mr. Gerrish Newell, and with his help, I have chosen for publication the following passages from a diary kept by his brother during the years 1896 and 1897.

Marshall Newell was instantly killed on the evening of the twenty-fourth day of December, 1897. For his friends, on many Christmas Eves to come, the holly will be interwoven with yew; the chimes will have an undernote of mourning. The sole comfort just now is that his life was happy, good, and significant, beyond the lives of most young men; and that he has escaped all earthly chance of pain and care. But time will bring consolation. The years will work their slow miracle; and when, as old men, the members of the class of '94 come back at Commencement, the glad memory of their best-loved classmate, forever young, will mingle with the songs and speeches of that day.

The diary, we may be sure, is to have its part in this change. It is so much like Marshall Newell, so much of him, that we hear the words in his own plain, noble utterance. As we listen, we see his face and come into his presence.

At first, of course, so intimate a reminder of Newell can only quicken the grief of those who stood nearest to him. But in the process of time the journal must become a means of cheerful comradeship. The companions of the writer's youth will go back over the months with him. The flowers and birds of each returning spring will send them again and again to pages where flowers and birds are spoken of with delight. And, although Nature pervades the diarist's converse with himself, there is no lack of human trait and character. It is easy to see that popularity has not hurt this generous youth, — that his vision of life is clear. The whole brief revelation, indeed, answers again the riddle spoken at Timnath: "Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

C. T. COPELAND.

SELECTIONS FROM THE DIARY

[Newell coached at Cornell and Harvard during October, November, and December, 1895.]

1895, October 13th. The country appeared beautiful after the rain; trees are turned and present all shades of many colors from the scarlet of the maples to the russet-green of the oaks. The fields of rye were dark green and made a contrast with the shocks of corn in neighboring lots. Woodbine berries are dark blue and its leaves are falling fast. Read some of Coleridge. In his poetry there are some lines that stand out by their truth and beauty of expression and have music in them. The last of his "Frost at Midnight." How much we see in this world and never know of it, except by accident. Or a clear and beautiful description may bring up again what we have passed by and recorded without knowing. There is a spirit within us at work for our advantage. The hymn of Coleridge beginning, "Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course," has a passage which seems as majestic and beautiful as some of Job. It begins, "Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth? Who filled

thy countenance with rosy light?" There are texts in many places worthy of sermons.

[About December the first, Newell began work in Mr. Deland's office, Boston.]

December 2d. Read some of James Russell Lowell's letters to-day,—If all should write their thoughts how soon we should be shamed to better ones or stop thinking.

December 3d. Business men must think a good deal more of money than I do to care about such a life. There is no air, and nature is crushed. On every hand every one is working, not for his own enjoyment but to earn money, and he who can earn the most is the most successful. Late in the afternoon as the sun was setting I stood out in one of the windows of the office and watched the smoke from the many chimneys of the city as it was blown over the housetops; some of it brightened by the sunlight, but most of it black with its own soot. Below in the buildings the business men working to finish their day's tasks, and in the streets people hurrying back and forth. And then I thought of an afternoon on the farm when after the work in the open air I took up the milk pails and went to the barn; and when I had milked, walked in in the twilight and got ready for supper. The

firelight danced in the fireplace as we sat down together and ate in comfort and peace.

December 6th. Left the office a little past five and walked out to Cambridge over the new bridge. The air was fine and the stars bright and sparkling. There is nothing like nature in the open air, and that is the life for me. "Make Thou my spirit pure and clear as are the frosty skies."

December 7. Received to-day the first money I have earned as a business man. A very pleasant sensation to receive it and feel that it is yours and you have a right to ask for it. And no one is favoring you, — yes they are, for they might refuse to pay except by the month or year. It would be a difficult undertaking to go through this world without receiving a favor and life would be wasted if no favors were granted.

December 22. Read some of Hazlitt during the evening. As I was sitting in front of the open fire in the grate after dinner this evening, I stopped reading and began to look at the coals as I used to at the wood fire at home; but they could suggest no pictures and only wearied my eyes. There is a different spirit in the atmosphere in the city from the one on the farm, and we have not become well enough acquainted to be on speaking terms.

December 28. Spend a good deal of my time looking out of the window. The horizon looked to-day as it did in the last of May from my room in Holyoke House; as if a dark grey curtain was hung all around the limit of vision, and Boston seemed to be the centre of a great amphitheatre. The men and teams hurried along the streets and the noise came up in the air as an offering to the spirit of business. As the hum in a hive of bees increases in volume as the day advances and dies away to a gentle murmur in the evening, so the noise of the town is loudest in midday and silent late in the evening.

It is amusing to notice the expression in the faces of the horses on the street as you walk along; how much they resemble people, not in feature but in spirit. Some are cross and snap at the men who pass; others asleep; and some will almost thank you for speaking to them or patting their noses.

[On February the eighth, 1896, Newell left Boston for the farm at Great Barrington.]

1896, February 9. Snow storm. Got up at half past six, milked one cow. Does not take as long to get over a longing for some things as it does to acquire it. Cannot see so much in the weather and woods as I used to.

Hope it will come again. Read the "Spectator," and "Great Expectations," not because I have any myself, but I thought I should like to know how a person might feel under such conditions.

February 14. Snow squalls and windy. Sun shone most of the day. Walked down to Green River and through the pasture and over the hill this afternoon. The river looked black as it flowed along the snowy banks, and the trees on the mountains a delicate embroidery. The sun was setting as I came down and the broad rays streaming down to the mountains through the clouds seemed like the halo of a deity who bowed his head as a parting salutation to the earth. The colors of the clouds were beautiful to look at, and a treasure for the mind. The stars are bright to-night and twinkle; and might be the eyes of the sky.

February 17. Walked up on the hill this afternoon; the crows were flying over the valley, wasting no time. The air was very clear and the mountains in the distance were a light blue, and those near, almost black with a purple tinge where they joined the horizon.

How pure and beautiful the colors of the sky are at sunrise and sunset; the more they are looked at the more they please; and

they are never the same. Sometimes royally majestic, at others soft and not loud, at all times harmonious. The clouds are the draperies of the sky. I have been wondering to-day if our lives were like the seasons; in which we have cold snaps and thaws, in summer as well as winter. A series of circles, all similar, working together.

Our lives are similar to the year with its four seasons, and every life has its four seasons, although they may not come in regular order. Some may be able to go South and avoid the cold snaps, but the majority get it at their posts.

There is a beautiful bed of coals in the old fireplace which warms the room in an entertaining way. And I have dreamed away the day and am no better than I was yesterday —and so it goes.

February 20. Clear and cold. Cut a short log from the oak for the fireplace. Decided to blast it before sawing more. Read this evening. Fire on the hearth looks more cheerful every evening; cannot see pictures in it yet. Have not seen any fine sunrises, although the light, as it strikes the mountains in the west and comes down to the tops of the trees in the woods and then to the willows along the river, makes a very pretty

picture; for the meadow will be in the shade and of a greyish color, while the bright yellow willows and the golden green of the pines and hemlocks give a life and smile that always pleases. Lots of crows flying over from the west to the east in the afternoon.

February 26. Finest sunrise I have seen since I came home. The sky in the east was red at first and changed gradually to a pale yellow, lighting the tops of the hills in the west and on either side. A living picture too soon covered by the clouds of the coming snow storm. Cut two pine trees and sawed them into logs. The needles of the pines are coarse as the brush on a gobbler's chest and are a brown shade of green. Possibly they have caught some of the sunlight that has been streaming through them for nearly a century. The trees are grand as "harpers hoar," and you hold your breath unconsciously when they fall. When they are trimmed and cut into logs, how changed from the standing timber. Some of the trees have curious moss and lichens on the bark, while others are without decorations.

While we were working it was snowing and the snow did not seem to move, it fell so slowly; but in the open places it came racing down, silently, softly to its last rest-

ing place, for the snow in the woods is not drifted about by the winds, but lasts until late in the spring, protected by the trees.

February 27. Cloudy in the morning; warm and pleasant in the afternoon. Hauled up the logs we cut yesterday and the wood. Saw a flock of chickadees in the hemlocks, and the sunlight in the river when the water rippled over the gravel. There is very little snow; and the afternoon has been like the beginning of spring. Fine fire in the fireplace this evening, am beginning to see pictures in it. The flames are curly and as many colored as a drift-wood fire, never the same.

March 2. Hauled logs to mill to-day. Wind has blown hard all day; felt as if I was a sail as I rode on the logs, the wind blew against me so. Coming home it sounded in the telephone wires along the road like a twelve o'clock whistle. There is a great difference between that sound, and that of one, or seven o'clock. The more weary you feel the better it pleases; always evokes a sigh of relief. There is a fine selection from Carmen to whistle on a load of logs when driving over frozen ground; every jolt gives a delightful emphasis to the notes, and the musician is carried along by the dictatorial

leader, as it were. What a strength there is in the air. It may be rough at times, but it is true and does not lie. What would the world be if all were open and frank as the day or the sunshine!

March 4. There is an abundance of beautiful things, but I have never read descriptions, that described the spirit they embody; and seen few paintings that speak to you as the landscapes hereabout.

March 8. The wind waved the pine boughs on Mrs. Mackie's woods so, they looked a silver-grey color. The mountains were continually crossed by the shadows of clouds, sometimes large, sometimes small, which moved silently and gracefully. Something similar to snow-flakes as you watch them falling from some distance to the ground. The gobbler-turkey is strutting in the yard, and the crows are pairing. Spring do be coming! Sure signs! Have not seen any hen hawks; they were around the last of February last year.

March 15. Frosty morning, moderated soon and began to snow early in the afternoon. Turkeys have been sleeping late, do not come out of the trees until nearly eight o'clock. Never knew them to adopt such habits. Read Spectator, Sterne, Milton, and

Scott. Happened to think how there was a resemblance in water and our spirits, or rather in their sources. Some people are like springs always bubbling over with freshness and life; others are wells and have to be pumped; while some are only reservoirs whose spirits are pumped in and there stagnate unless drawn off immediately. Most people are like the wells but the pump handle is not always visible or may be broken off. Many of the springs are known only to their shady nooks and velvet margins, but once found a path is soon worn to them, which constantly widens and deepens. It may be used only by animals but it is a blessing and comfort if only to the flowers and grasses that grow on its edge.

March 16. The woods were beautiful today. The snow has covered the boughs of the pines and hemlocks which bent in graceful curves, and as we drove underneath, shook the snow upon us in a fine cloud if we touched the branches. When the trees fell they raised a fog of snow so thick and fine you could not see through it, and it sparkled like stars in frosty weather. The woods seemed filled with a busy silence, interrupted only by the sound of the saw or the horses shaking their harness. Saw the tracks of mice and squirrels, and where a partridge had walked a few yards out of the

swamp. And the small brook that runs through the woods back of ours seemed almost lost, the snow had so hung over its banks. The distant objects were dimmed and blurred as on a misty day.

March 21st. How gracefully the sun makes his entrance and exit; unless very attentive you find that he is here or is gone while you have been watching and wondering at the beauties that surround him.

April 2. Have lived a quarter of a century. Do not feel as old as that.

April 18. Found some beautiful hepaticas, spring beauties, and blue cohosh in the woods to-day. Climbed up to the crow's nest I found last Sunday. The crow has been shot and was covering three eggs. The lives of birds as well as men have stern realities.

Fields are turning green; blackberry leaves were out along the road, pussy willows are yellow, and the catkins of the alders have been dropping their pollen for some time. Heard the swallows twittering as they sailed about in the meadow. The frogs sing all the evening and have regular tea parties in the afternoon if the wind is south.

April 27. Wind is south and we can hear the trains this evening. Sign of rain, even in clear weather. Set a hen this morning; nailed

her in;— she was standing up in the nest this evening. Determination is set in the hen.

April 30. The sunlight danced on the ripples of the pond and they sparkled like the snow on a clear day in winter. The air is soft and perfumed, and it is a pleasure to take a long breath. Heard the winds in the pines this evening. How the music rises and falls! Sometimes loud and then so low it sounds like an echo of a whisper, scarcely heard. Did not hear many birds to-day,— I fancy they are busy with their nesties.

May 4. Bobolinks and orioles came this morning — the sweetest of all singers. Rippling, bubbling music whose source is the heart of a lover; refreshing and free as the air and blossoms of spring-time. Pear trees are blossomed and you can see the pink tips of the apple buds. A sweet perfume surrounds the trees even now. The pasture and lawn is yellow with the dandelion blossoms, and along the roadside the bluets and strawberry blossoms welcome the bobolinks as they run about in the grass or sing above them. There is a hum of bees and mosquitoes, the accompaniment to the songs of the birds.

May 18. Beautiful rainbow and sunset, first of the season. The fields of grass and rye seemed to lift up their heads and the ploughed

ground turned a deep brown. The robins, blackbirds and bobolinks sang and ruffled their feathers, and the swallows flew in longer curves or waves. Everything was refreshed and brightened. As the twilight deepened the songs of the birds were liquid and sweet, — the thrush and the wren singing sweetest.

May 22. Plowed the ground below the rye for fodder corn. Rye is all headed out and begins to look grey. I took a ride on my wheel this evening; beautiful sunset; colors were shaded from deep red to russet brown. Clouds in the shape of tracks left by steamers in the ocean. Heard thrushes, catbirds, orioles and robins along the road. Stars and moon are bright this evening; frogs are singing in the meadow and the fire-flies are twinkling over the grass by the spring. Tree-toads have been singing to-day. Set two hens to-night, nailed them in. If you want to see determination, look in a setting hen's eye. Robins have been carrying food to their nests in the pine tree, and the barn swallows fighting for feathers in the air; the big barn is filled with their conversation.

May 23. Built some fence in the meadow. Pretty blackbirds and swallows flying about. Went up on the hill to see the sunset. Beautiful view! All shades of green from grey to

black, dusty and bright, the young leaves of the woods and shrubs on the hillside looked like satin. The fields were covered with the shadows of the trees and hills, brightened in spots by the sunlight which streamed in light and dark rays from the sun as it paused on the crest of the mountain. The sky was covered with clouds except on the western horizon, yellow, purple and gold, and all wavy and fleecy. Just as the sun disappeared, the tops of the mountains seemed rimmed with a line of fire, and then the sky was flooded with light, rosy and golden.

Such colors appear only in nature; the wings of the blackbirds and swallows shine with a similar lustre as they skim along over the meadows or wave from the branches of the willows.

Saw the feathery puffs of the dandelions on the hillsides this morning, covered with dew, and as the sunlight glistened on them, they looked like great diamonds.

Was asked to referee the boat race at Lake Buel, June 10th.

May 31. "Like the swell of some grand tune, morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June." All the country looks clear and fresh. The air is fragrant with the blossoms of the fox grapes and the rye fields.

Daisies are beginning to blossom and the buttercups have survived the dandelions. The young robins run about in the pasture, or fly escorted by the old birds, from tree to tree. They look as if they knew all about their business when they sit on a limb, but their weakness is apparent as soon as they fly.

Took a ride on my wheel this evening through South Egremont and Barrington by the middle Sheffield road. Heard whip-poor-wills, hermit and wood thrushes, and catbirds.

June 7. Heard some meadow larks when I went after the cows. Do not see much of the bobolinks, as they are busy providing for their families. Clovers, and daisies and buttercups "paint the meadows with delight" all about. The wind is low and talks in the pines, pleadingly, sighing, never tiring.

June 13. Came home at 4 A. M., having sat up with Mr. Meach all night. He has been stricken with paralysis.

Beautiful clear dawn. The daisies hung their heads dew-laden, and the air was moist and fresh. A few clouds were in the east blushing in the sunlight fast spreading along the outline of the sky. The light was soft and pure, and rapidly dimmed the fading stars. The robins sang as they do early in the spring-time, when they are mating. The song spar-

rows and king birds began, and in the woods I heard the crows. The young chickens were scattered over the lawn in search of early worms, and the cows in the pasture were lying down peacefully chewing their cuds. All the time the grey dawn brightened and the morning breeze rustled the leaves of the elms and maples, harmonizing everything.

August 6. Grand thunderstorm this evening. Vibrations shook the house, and the flashes of lightning were continuous for a short time. It is authority and majesty personified, and one instinctively bows in its presence, not with a feeling of dread, but of admiration and respect.

[Through October and November of this year, Newell coached the Harvard football team with Mr. Bertram Gordon Waters.]

December 11. Very calm beautiful morning; not a sound or a breath of wind. The caws of the crows almost echoed from the woods.

Peaceful scenes of the country; green be their memories with me forever!

Left for Springfield. Received my official appointment from Mr. Robeson as assistant to Mr. Sackett (in the service of the Boston and Albany Railroad).

1897. January 13. Cold clear day. Engineer got a "grouch" because I told him to tend to his business better. Saw Mr. Sackett in the evening and was upheld.

January 19. Beautiful cold weather. Stars and moon brighter than the switch-lights. Went up the Branch. So busy I did not have time to admire the beauties of the country in zero weather. Clear and cold to-night.

January 21. Went to Athol on the freight and came back on 375. Rode on the engine nearly all the way back. Wondered if I could be any happier if I owned the road.

April 2. Went up to Winchendon. Butterflies and phœbes; saw a honey bee and a flock of blackbirds; have not heard any singing. The cool breeze, as we rode through the pine woods, coming from the snow drifts was very refreshing, and at some places the odor from the warm pine needles perfumed the air. A dreamland to ride through, too soon passed like many happy moments.

April 19. Went to Winchendon, across to Athol, and down to Springfield. Picked some arbutus about noon. The blossoms were just opening, and tangled in the dead grass and their own green leaves, they twinkled like laughing eyes. They were so pure and sweet they almost talked with their beauty. The wildest

places produce the fairest. Saw a double rainbow, and a single one above that. The ends were within a few yards of me and looked like delicate lace; — their colors as clear and delicate as the arbutus. Perhaps the arbutus borrows from the April rainbows. If I were only free and in the country all the time, my thoughts would be as clear and fresh as all its objects.

July 11. In the office this evening. The night hawks are screaming over the city.

If I could only live in the country and have no care, but view the beauties that are there. And see the glories of the rising sun and gentle beauties of the morning dew. The music of the happy birds; the flight of swallows after flies and gnats; enjoy the shade of trees at noon and listen to the language of the leaves. Dream that the world was filled with love and music; and the flowers had a language of their own, taught only to a favored few and I among them. And at evening feel the grandeur of the colors in the west, and ride upon the golden shafts of light, and almost hear the music of the rays; the twilight slowly gather and the breezes in the trees imitate the falling water. Count the stars that first so slowly send their light, until the heavens seem to open all their gates and blaze with milky way and dippers; crowns and crosses. Breathe a thanks to the

Protector for the pleasures we enjoy, and sleep in dreams so pleasant that the sunshine of the daytime seems a shadow.

July 31. Went to North Adams Junction. Watched the sky through the clouds; some places it was light and dreamy, and in others a deep, true and grand hue that raised spirits and thoughts to higher levels. If I could only look at business as I do the sky; — but I have been taught in a different school.

August 11. Warm day, heavy shower this evening; thunder and lightning. Stayed in the office all day. Feel like a fool when I am sitting at a desk.

September 9. Stayed in the office. Walked out to Mitteneague and went in swimming after leaving the office; felt fine; didn't care whether I was president or not.

September 29. Went to New Salem and walked to Petersham. Picked up some chestnuts. Witch hazel is in blossom. Found some beautiful fringed gentian; bluer than any sky and fringed as delicately as a window pane is frosted in winter nights; odorless, because no perfume can match their delicate beauty.

December 11. Evening. Went to Gus Gardner's dinner at the Tuileries. About fifty men were present. Representative men

Mount Everett from Newell's Home

of Harvard athletics; and I think I got more incentives for future efforts from seeing so many fine men together than I could from any amount of work. The men I met were fine, frank, and cordial.

December 13. Cold, pleasant day. Went to Athol with the freight. Cut some witch hazel boughs and thorn apples to decorate my room. They looked very pretty with their brown nuts and yellow blossoms.

A NEW ENGLAND TYPE

The following article was taken from the editorial columns of the "Outlook" magazine for March, 1898. It was written by one who only knew Newell by reputation.

THE introspective, self-communing type of character seems to have passed out of modern life, and in particular out of modern American life, with the older New England of which it was representative. Yet in the tragic death of a young college man, one of the most widely beloved of Harvard's recent graduates, Marshall Newell, of Springfield, Mass., — a railway superintendent, whose body was found beside the track where he was struck down while walking in the night — there came to light remarkable testimony to the persistence of this type, and a disclosure of the secret of an influence over others which was felt but not understood.

Newell had done the things which honor young manhood. Coming from the country, with no social prestige behind him, he had made his own place in the first rank His perfection of physique and charm of manner, enhanced by a certain reserve, commanded that place for him. His character, not his preaching, silenced loose talk in his presence. The perfect fairness of his play on the football field,

even in the closest of "the great games," won for him the respect and regard of those who played against him. These were the outward commonplaces of his short career. A man of affairs, dominated to all appearance by exacting daily responsibilities, the last thing which most people would associate with him was that habit of introspection which is given to talking about itself to itself in the pages of a journal. To the modern mind there is in this habit something incongruous, distinctly unmodern. It may be natural to a philosopher like Amiel, in whom rare gifts otherwise ran to seed through impotence of expression, and who found in his journal "a means whereby the thinker becomes conscious of his own inner life." Or it may belong better to an immature genius like Marie Bashkirtseff, doomed to early death, and bent on leaving behind some record of herself, who, therefore, set down in her journal "everything, everything, everything — for otherwise what use were it?" But to associate a journal with a full-blooded, robust, virile young man of to-day like Newell, seems to involve a contradiction of types.

The few extracts from the journal read at the memorial service in Appleton Chapel, extracts that could be read without violation of a scrupulously guarded reserve, revealed in

Newell a poetic appreciation of beauty in nature as unexpected as the journal itself. To nature he constantly looked for the inspiration of his hidden, inner life. He missed, as he wrote, "the light upon the hills," "the golden shafts of light," as he calls them elsewhere; "the mountains crowned with dusky purple." He listens, he says, "to the language of the leaves and feels the colors of the west." The wind drives the clouds one day "as if they were waves crested with russet brown." "Make thou my spirit pure and clear," he prays, "as are the frosty skies,"— the image used in Tennyson's "St. Agnes." "I suppose," said Professor Peabody in interpretative comment, "that very few friends of Marshall Newell would imagine that these were his words, or that beneath his quiet manner he was stirred by reflections like these. Yet that is the very essence of the type; a controlled and reserved exterior, and within a rich interior world of manly ideals and dreams."

The interest of this suggestive glimpse behind the outward man is, for those outside the personal circle, its disclosure of heredity and environment. Little as he probably realized it, Newell stood for that New England "aloofness," that persisting "old Puritan consciousness," which Henry James emphasizes in his essay on Hawthorne. The habit of keeping

a journal was quite general at the beginning of the century. By an uncle's advice Hawthorne is supposed to have begun his own journal-keeping at the age of twelve. This habit was a sign of transition; a natural legacy for the preceding generation to bequeath to that succeeding. The habit of turning to one's journal as to a companion is easily recognized as a direct inheritance of the New England temperament.

But not so readily associated with it is that sensitiveness to suggestions of beauty in the outward world which was one of Newell's distinguishing marks. This, indeed, belongs to Emerson and Hawthorne as representative of the New England temperament in literature. But in them it is to be referred to the graft of literary genius and culture, as to a development alien to the temperament itself. Yet the two qualities, in so many ways complementary, are oftener found united in the New England temperament than appears on the surface. The foremost of the New England theologians, the theologian of the most ruthless logic, one whose self-analysis was the perfection of art in psychical dissection, sought the solitude of nature not alone for "meditation and prayer," but as well for refreshment of soul and sense in closeness to sky, and tree, and flower, and stretch of view. Jonathan Edwards has left

behind him passages which are a succession of sentences like these: "When we behold the light and brightness of the sun, the golden edges of an evening cloud, or the beauteous bow, we behold the adumbrations of His glory and goodness; and in the blue sky, of His mildness and gentleness."

A college chronicler summed up Newell's early environment in this simple but pregnant phrase: "Reared on a farm in the Berkshire Hills, he learned to love nature and to respect truth." Under like outward conditions, the old New England temperament masked in modern guise reasserted itself, redeeming in its recurrence the charm of a type almost lost to us of to-day, the charm of qualities but dimly recognized until they were gone. That they reappeared in a representative young man of to-day, whose immaturity of career closes all but conjecture as to what he might have been, is impressive evidence of their reality.

ARTHUR REED KIMBALL.

AN ADDRESS
DELIVERED AT APPLETON CHAPEL

HELD AT THE REQUEST OF THE FRIENDS AND CLASSMATES, SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1898.

IT is most natural that you who were the friends of Marshall Newell should wish to come here and think of him. To most of you his memory will always be associated with your college life: to some of you it is among the most strengthening and sacred of your college memories. Some of you remember him in this chapel as he waited before his God, and all of you would like to communicate to the young men who are still here something of the impression that this pure life and tragic death has made on you. And the college is glad to have you come. One of the most extraordinary traits of our college world is the perpetuation among us from year to year, through all the increasing complexity of our life, of a certain type of natural, healthy-minded, unspoiled manhood, which for generations has been familiar to us as peculiarly our own. One who lives here for years and loves the college, is apt to watch with trembling lest in the many changes of our life this type may be lost; and

from time to time he sees with apprehension less worthy kinds of character get some recognition and leadership. But each year it turns out that in the end the influences of the place set the right leaders finally in the lead.

Out of the mingled mass of youth there are sifted the finer natures, and the unassuming, masculine, pure-minded youths come to be, first loved, then admired, then honored: and the type persists. Marshall Newell was one of these youths who, as the old naturalists used to say, was "true to type"; and on whom the moral health of the college finally depends.

He was born of sturdy New England stock, the son of a graduate of the class of 1857. He was educated at Exeter, and in 1890 came here, a robust clear-eyed, generous, natural young man. He was poor, and with few earlier acquaintances, but from the beginning he won friends. His alert and vigorous body made him admired, and his open, unselfish nature made him beloved. He was reserved, yet companionable. He was not in the least a preacher of virtue, but in his presence harsh judgments and loose talk simply found themselves silenced. Thus he was true to the type of wholesome, single-hearted, right-minded youth, who leaven our life and whose memory the college recalls with gratitude and pride.

The last time I met him was some months ago, in a washout on his railroad. Out of the dim, wet, early dawn he came, striding along the track at the head of his men, bringing courage to the anxious passengers; happy, proud and fearless in the emergency, a figure emerging out of the mist like a young Viking taking possession of a strange land; and it made one glad to think that our college, amid its great work of making scholars, still had power to breed sturdy, healthy, happy, working men.

There was, however, in Newell something more than this simple healthiness of body and soul, and one may be permitted, with reserve and reverence, to speak of these deeper traits. About a year after leaving college he began to keep a private diary, and on almost every evening until his death he set down a detailed record of the experience of the day. No one can look through these sacred pages without surprise at the interior life of the man which they disclose. It is true that the nearer his friends stood to him the more they loved him, but it is also true that scarcely any one stood near enough to him to be aware how rich his nature was in imagination, poetry, accurate observation, the sense of beauty, and the desire for spiritual peace. He never talked with any freedom of these things, but more and more

the habit grew on him of confiding such thoughts to his diary. Much that is written there must be kept in the privacy in which it was written; but it is no betrayal of him to speak of the extraordinary love of nature, and the poetic insight into its more subtle traits, which he from day to day records. He could not bear the life of the city.

He missed, as he wrote, "the light upon the hills." The forms, colors and shifting incidents of nature were necessary to his happiness and he watches them like a lover and writes of them like a poet. "The stars," he writes, "are the eyes of the sky." "The sun sets like a God bowing his head." "The pine needles catch the light that has streamed through them for a hundred years." "The wind drives the clouds one day as if," he says, "they were waves crested with russet brown."

He watches what he calls "the golden shafts of light;" "the mountains crowned with dusky purple." He listens, he says, "to the language of the leaves, and feels the colors of the West." And then he translates these impressions into life.

"Life," he says, "has its seasons, its cold snaps and its thaws." "Some people are springs, and some are wells which have to be pumped; but one goes most gladly to the springs."

"Make Thou my spirit pure," he prays, "and clear as are the frosty skies."

I suppose that very few friends of Marshall Newell would imagine that these were his words or that beneath his quiet manner he was stirred by reflections like these. Yet that is the very essence of the type; a controlled and reserved exterior, and within it a rich interior world of manly ideals and dreams. That was what made in our war-time heroes and martyrs out of students who seemed nothing more than pleasant youths. The inner life came to its expression and great deeds were natural to do. And that was what one felt, though he could not explain it, in Newell. There was something in him of the hero, though he never said an ambitious word. There was an insight into things which proved a secret inner life, out of which he looked. There was a fidelity to truth and duty, and a security from the temptations of the world, which might have demonstrated to any friend, if he had thought of it, that Newell's interior life was richer than he ever permitted himself to say; and that his prayer had been answered: "Make Thou my spirit pure and clear as are the frosty skies."

And now, with tragic suddenness, all this devoted, energetic, happy life is snatched away, and a wave of horror comes over the community,

and we lift ourselves after the shock and say: What does this mean? Why should a man like this be taken out of the world that needs him?

What is the justification of such disasters? My friends, we do not know the answers to these questions. It is impossible for any one of us to see the intention of the mighty movement of God's plan for his world. It is not a part of religion to pretend that everything in life is obviously fair and right. Indeed, there is nothing that makes religion so unreal to sensible men as the pretence, sometimes made, of such omniscience. The ways of death are often very hard to interpret, and so — not less — are many of the ways of life.

With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come,
When in the presence of a great affliction the soul sits dumb.

Yet two things we do know, and may well recall them to ourselves to-day. One is that the worth of life is not in its length, but in its depth; not in its quantity, but in its quality. What ways of service might have opened before Marshall Newell if he had lived longer we do not know. He might have built a great railroad, he might have been a wise and useful citizen, he might have had a happy home.

But of one thing we may be almost sure, that his death, when it came, could not have

brought to his friends, and to the whole great body of our college youth, the imperative summons to the pure and manly life which we hear it uttering to-day. That is a message which age cannot carry to youth, but which has to be spoken to young men by the death of a young man. There are men listening to me now whose lives will never be the same since this event startled them with the meaning of life and death. When Jesus of Nazareth was just about to die — a young man of thirty-three, after but three years of active work — and his disciples felt that they would be helpless without him, he said to them: "It is expedient for you that I go away, that so the spirit of the truth may come to you." While he was with them they thought they knew him, but they did not really receive the message of his life. When he died, and they stood, as it were, farther off from him, it was as if his teaching came into focus before them, and it was expedient for them that he went away, because the truth thus came to them. Is it not somewhat the same with some of you, as you think of this modest, simple follower of Jesus? And what could a man ask more — and what could he do more if he lived till eighty — than to have the truth of life come to others through his going away, and to live on in the better lives of those who loved him?

And one thing more. We are met to-day in the presence of death.

Yet, when we think of this young man, stalwart and sound in body and soul, it is difficult to associate his abounding life with the thought of dying. It is not necessary to dogmatize about immortality. Life is full of mysteries on both sides of the grave. But these qualities which we have been recalling to-day, simplicity and truth, hope and joy, poetry and innocence — these are not of the things which look as if they were to perish. They have about them what has been called "a quality of timelessness." And if your friend could speak to you to-day, would not his word to you still be not of death, but of life? It is a very solemn message, which one often hears, the words, "Prepare to die!"

It is the warning of the quick and sudden coming of the end of opportunity. Watch, therefore, for ye know not in what hour the Son of Man cometh. But is there not a still higher message which we may hear to-day — the words, "Prepare to live!"? O to be ready, not for a sudden end in death, but for a larger life! O to be safe from the real sting of death — the opening of that door of larger service, only to stand before and confess that we are not fit to go in! Listen to the young man,

Jesus Christ, as, just before his death, he gives his friends a final message. It is not a message of death, but of life: "I am come," he says — and how strangely it sounds with the cross in sight! — "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly."

What might it be to some of us if, after his faithful, quiet life this young man, through his death, might humbly repeat his master's message: "I came among you that you might have life, a fuller, healthier life of your bodies in your play, a steadier, stronger life of purpose in your wills; and now I go my way still deeper into life — into the new privileges and higher demands of the eternal world, and still my prayer for those that loved me in this — that they may know how good it is to live, and may have life, and may have it more abundantly." "I do not come," said our own poet, of a departing friend —

"I do not come to weep above thy pall.
And mourn the dying out of noble powers;
The poet's clearer eye should see, in all
Earth's seeming woe the seed of Heaven's flowers.

"No power can die that ever wrought for truth;
Thereby a law of nature it became.
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.

"Thou art not idle; in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks."

FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY.

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